



The Mills Have Closed To-Day.

Annie, is the baby better?
Worse! The Lord befriended us all!
Can't live? Oh, God in Heaven!

THE DOCTOR'S LAST SHOT.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the top of her voice, and went into violent hysterics. The doctor frowned scornfully at her, and said to Mrs. Brown: "There's no time for nonsense; bring me some cold water and handkerchiefs at once, and send somebody to the hotel for Dr. Chester's small case of surgical instruments."

Mrs. Smith, left to herself, soon recovered, and insisted upon an explanation of the affair.
'It's nothing serious, I hope. I have accidentally sent a charge of shot into this young lady's arm. Are you her mother?'
'No, indeed, she is a poor dependent creature that we've taken in for charity's sake; a niece of mine, and what I'm to do with her now I can't see. I can't take care of her, and indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient to have her laid up just at this time. She is very necessary to my comfort. I need a sight of care and waitin' on, night and day.'

The Island of Cuba.

All eyes have been turned toward Cuba—a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width 107 miles. Lying just within the tropics, its climate is perpetual summer, tempered by cooling sea-breezes. There is one record of snow having fallen in a central town of Cuba in 1856, and hail is not unfrequently seen.

Wear White Underclothing.

The Herald of Health recommends white underclothing as not only more healthful, but on account of its not radiating the heat of the body as some other colors do. Another objection is the avoidance of possible poisoning, resulting from deleterious dyes. The Journal of Chemistry gives an instance of the poisonous effects of aniline colors upon the skin in the experience of a gentleman of Bayfield.

nonced convalescent. The doctor took her out to ride as soon as she was able, in the easiest of all carriages. Rare delicacies were sent every day from the hotel to tempt her returning appetite. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers that could be found adorned her room. Meta remonstrated with him for all this lavish kindness, but he would silence her by saying he was the cause of all her suffering and she must allow him to atone for it in every way he could.

The next day a notable dressmaker from the city arrived with various wonderful and costly fabrics, which she had orders to make up for Miss Langdon in the latest style. Such a time as there was of cutting and busting, of trying on and trimming! Two other seamstresses kept their sewing-machines running at the highest rate of speed, until at the close of the week there was enough of a wedding trousseau to fill a huge Saratoga trunk. The doctor made daily pilgrimages between that chamber and the city, until at last he could not devise another thing which his darling could possibly need for dress or ornament during the trip to Europe which he had planned.

CHRISTMAS SNIPE HUNT.

"I am so glad to see you, Henry, and so surprised, too; for you know you expected to remain in St. Louis this Christmas. It has been awfully stupid here at Helena since you have been gone. There has not been a single party of any kind that I have heard of. I don't know what I should have done but for that conceited coxcomb, Raymond, who has been trying his very best to do the agreeable, and I must say amused me exceedingly."

The Long Bow in Colorado.

A letter from Gold Spring, Col., to a Chicago gentleman, says: I have just arrived from the head-quarters of our company, which is located at Gurney's Mill, and I have a most horrible story to communicate to you. Your agent, J. N. Watson, has been foully robbed and murdered. The following are the particulars, as near as I can write them: After corresponding with him for some time, he came here yesterday. To illustrate the usefulness of the well-angled bore down ninety feet, and our company being pleased with the working of the machine purchased the rights of this and four adjoining counties. We paid him in cash \$1,000, and gave him three notes on us amounting to \$1,800.

hind him when both the others broke out in a paroxysm of laughter.
"That joke of yours, Kate, about the red and yellow feathers, was excellent. It couldn't have been better managed. I'll get the boys together to arrange for the hoax. By 10 o'clock to-morrow night your gallant greeny will be standing up to his knees in the mud and rain, out in one of the creeks, holding the bag, and expecting that the rest of us will drive the snipe into it. But he will be as likely to see Santa Claus himself out there as any snipe. When he gets tired of waiting for the game, and for us to return, he can sneak off home alone. It will spoil those striped pantaloons of his, though, and ruffle his temper, so that this climate will not be apt to agree with him any longer."

"I know how we can get rid of him, sniping party for Christmas eve, and make him hold the bag.
"O! that will be capital," said Kate, gayly. "That's just the thing; but there's the bell now, and no doubt it is he himself. Just wait and see how nicely I shall dispose of him. You are to be my cousin, mind."

Facts and Fanc's.

A Milwaukee company has imported 180,000 bushels of barley and 300 bales of hops from Italy.
A big ear of corn, surrounded by thirteen little ones, lately entered an editor's sanctum in Iowa.
Peter Shambo, the first licensed navigator of Lake Superior, still lives, and is ninety-eight years old.
Men were farmers long before they could read; and they never could have read had they not first been farmers.

Over the Edge of the Wagon.

Emigrants must not stand upon ceremony. Many a wedding on wheels has signaled the passing of Western trains through the last "cities" on the great frontier. The Warrenburg (Mo.) Standard says:
Last Friday afternoon, as one of our popular justices from Ashbury was in meditation deep among the papers pertaining to his law cases, a swift and heavy step was heard on the stairway and along the hallway leading to his office. The door was opened without any ceremony, and in rushed a man in a state of high excitement not usual to any one in the quiet city.

cracked many a joke at the expense of their poor victim.
"Santa Claus may take pity on him," said Bob Norton, "and fill up his bag with Christmas presents, if he waits there long enough. That would console him, perhaps."
"Who wouldn't appreciate them?" chimed in another, "unless Santa Claus certified that the toys and things came from that leading notion house which he represents."
"I don't think he would have consented so willingly to hold the bag if I had not worked upon his cursed vanity so well," said Morgan; "and then Kate Andrews made him believe that snipe had long, beautiful red and yellow feathers, and that she wanted him to bring her one to wear to the party to-morrow night."

It may not be fully understood that snipe hunts were formerly a favorite means of humiliating gentlemen from the East who went West with too disparaging ideas about the people residing there and too lofty ideas of themselves. How these affairs were managed will fully appear in the remainder of our story.
A dozen or two choice spirits were assembled by Morgan the next evening, and Raymond, having been notified of the time and place, was punctually in attendance, wearing his best clothes and an air of importance which seemed to say, "I am bestowing a great favor in consenting to join you," and so he was, for his was the principal and an indispensable part in the farce about to be enacted.

Under the Wagon.

The weight of the new fractional silver coin is metrical, that of the half dollars being just twelve and one-half grammes, the quarter dollar six and one-quarter grammes and the dime two and one-half grammes.
An Irish nobleman, attended by twenty-six dogs, passed through Florida, lately, on his way to Florida on a hunting expedition. He had a car attached to a freight train devoted to himself and attendants.
When you go into a new country don't be too smart. Listen and watch and find out how things are done, and be careful not to insist on your own way. The farmers of every section have, as a general thing, good reasons for their practices.

Under the Wagon.

The sailors of the Tornado were compelled to shoot Captain Fry and his crew, but fired with averted heads, inflicting frightful tortures on the condemned. The bodies were carried off to the cemetery and thrown into the graves, six persons in each, clothes and all.
An old, rough elderlyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him he said: "You said it in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."
Perhaps one of the oddest elections on record occurred at the last general election for members of the General Assembly in Germany. A certain district had only one legal voter, who walked proudly up to the polls and voted for himself, the only eligible member in the district. But when his name was announced as the elected member, he pompously arose, and said, "Messrs. Commissioners, I do not accept the election!" and walked gravely off.

When plows, reapers, and other implements are left in the field over winter, the greatest loss is not in their decay but in the evil habits established in the farmer's mind.
If every planter would grow 50 bushels of corn for each bale of cotton, he would get more money than now. There would be less cotton, but it would bring more, and the corn would be clear gain.
Western farmers have discovered that it is cheaper to haul grain 50 miles with their teams, if they have a load back, than to ship by rail, and they are doing it. Railroads are getting behind the times.

Henry Morgan accompanied Kate Andrews to the Christmas party, and it was remarked by all their friends that she never looked so well nor seemed in such lively spirits, and that he appeared to be unusually happy.
Neither was ever again troubled by the attentions of New York drummers, and just one year later there was a grand wedding in Helena.
The happy pair included New York in their tour, and in a Broadway store met their old acquaintance, Raymond, and he greeted them pleasantly and gave some explanations on both sides, inquired:
"So Mr. Morgan was not your cousin, after all?"
"None more than you were yourself."
"Did I suppose he escorted you to the party. I see through it all now. Well, though it was a most unhandsome trick you played upon me, it has turned out for the best. By hurrying home then I got here in time to be of great service to our house at a critical juncture, and as a reward, have since been taken into the firm. Besides, I have found another lad here, the accomplished daughter of our old partner; and if you can wait till next Thursday, you shall be present at our wedding."

Under the Wagon.

After a few preliminary arrangements, which included the fee and the marriage certificate, the Justice followed the gentleman, and finally brought up with him at the side of a covered wagon on the street near the public square.
"Here, Mary," said the man, "I have brought the 'Squire,' and, raising the side of the wagon cover, the form and features of the handsome young woman were revealed to the astonished Justice.
"Mary, do you wish to marry this man?" inquired the Justice, solemnly.
"I do," faltered the blushing bride.
"Shall—shall she get out on the street, sir?" stammered the soon-to-be husband.

Under the Wagon.

"No," said the Justice.
"Sh—shall I get in the wagon, then?" continued the man, who had some faint idea of the impropriety of the thing.
"No," said the Justice, "stand by the side of the wagon, and take Mary by the hand."
This being done, the two were solemnly made one under cover of the white-clothed wagon, and the blessed canopy of heaven. A number of ladies and gentlemen, who had passed by the parties, and knew nothing of the interesting ceremony now passing by the parties, already united souls of William Miss and Mary Catharine Palmer.